

The WESLEYAN



APRIL

1916

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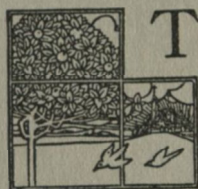
EVENING

JEAN OLIPHANT, '17

*As I behold the softly-dying day,
The far-off west aflame before its close,
Like withered violets the purplish-gray
Is seen 'neath fleecy clouds of faded rose,
Which, scattering like lambs beyond the fold,
In countless numbers widely dot the sky,
Each one an emblem faintly edged with gold
To deck the couch of ev'ning ere it die;
And then a silver twilight dims the hue;
One crystal star and crescent moon appear;
Above, against the sky of peaceful blue
More stars are twinkling o'er the shady bier;
I muse, and pray, that when my toil shall cease
Life's ev'ning may impart such perfect peace.*

A TIMELY SUGGESTION

CAROLYN CATER, '17



THAT most eventful night of a college girl's career had come—the night of the Junior Prom. With hearts all a-flutter, and in the daintiest of airy, fairy dresses, the Juniors fairly danced into the reception-room long before any of the superb other-world mortals were expected. There, too, were gathered six “verdant” little Freshmen, who were being instructed how to receive most gracefully a gentleman's card and hat. There was another important occupant of that room. Every girl felt in her heart that Mr. Cupid was there, but not one ventured to call attention to his presence.

I said that everyone knew that he was there. I meant all but one, and that one was Betty, with big, innocent, blue eyes which looked at you from under long, curling lashes, and conquered most people with the first glance. Now Betty was totally unacquainted with Cupid's wiles. She felt a little shy among all those other wise and knowing Juniors, but this very shyness made her all the more bewitching and attractive. Cupid marked all this and also marked her for his own. It would take all his time and energy to look after that evasive little creature.

Then there was a ring of the door-bell, and it had begun. Forced silence and affected dignity took possession of the chattering maidens during the period of introductions. Timid and abashed, Betty could have run away and crawled under the bed in her own room; but Cupid was “on the job” and he placed two entrancing dimples and the softest of pink glows on her lovely cheeks.

The first note of the bugle for the Prom to begin dispersed the awed and dignified crowd to all parts of the campus and left formality to the parlor chairs. In a corner of the moonlit campus, under the shade of a rose bush,

crouched the uninvited but greatly desired and welcomed guest—Mr. Cupid. He did not feel slighted, nor was he sulking, for he felt sure of a welcome. In fact, he very seldom failed to receive one, particularly from young people on moonlight nights in early spring. His bow was ready, his arrows sharp, and he only waited for his prey. Scarcely three “proms” had elapsed before Cupid grew very alert, and his eyes fairly danced with mischief as he fingered his bow and arrow.

Coming slowly down one of the winding paths he spied Betty and Tom. Betty’s small figure, in the dainty tulle frock, with gauzy streamers floating about her shoulders, looked like a nymph in the moonlight beside the stalwart, handsome Tom, with his big brown eyes. Ignorant of the impending danger, Betty and Tom chose a rustic bench just across the path from Cupid’s hiding place. Cupid laughed to himself, thinking of his fun. Cupid was pleased, because he was particularly fond of a combination of feminine blue eyes and masculine brown eyes. In short, Betty and Tom suited Cupid, and they seemed to suit each other. The two were plainly interested in what they were saying. Cupid crept nearer, and listened intently.

“You say that they are going to send you to Washington to visit relatives when you finish here?” Tom was saying.

“Yes,” she said, with a little shrug of her pretty shoulders, “and I don’t want to go a bit. I’ve never been ’way off like that before, and I know I’d be scared to death with all those people.”

“You don’t need to be scared of anything,” declared Tom. “Let’s see, father said something about wanting me to go up there on some business for him. Why, it’s the same time you are going.” . . .

Cupid knew that his opportunity had come. He fitted the golden arrow of Love into the silver bow of Romance, and with a stealthy movement sent the arrow flying toward the rustic bench, aimed at both hearts.

Suddenly the bugle sounded for the next “prom,” but already the arrow had struck two hearts.

"Anyway, we'll go together, Betty," hazarded Tom as Betty was drawn away by another masculine arm.

"Will we?" laughed Betty over her reluctant shoulder.

Cupid had completed his task for the night and so retired without so much as noticing the other anxious and expectant Juniors. It was leap-year, and they could take care of themselves.

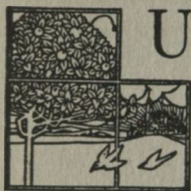
TO SPENSER

MIRIAM ROGERS, '17

*Thou bard of mystic lights and shadows strange,
So far above the common herd thou dwelt,
Enriched with wonders of poetic range,
Thy heavenly muse divine influence felt.
O truly thou art poet, painter fair.
Thy hand a rosy-fingered morning makes.
A tinge of gold, a flash of purple rare,
And lo! with magic touch Aurora breaks.
Yet, 'mid thy scenes of beauty Truth doth reign,
And Error vile in mortal combat meets.
In thee a mighty Puritanic strain
Paints Honor fair and true; Faith Virtue greets.
Our souls in humbleness before thee kneel.
O bard, truly thou art divine, we feel.*

THE ALCHEMIST

GEORGIA BAKER, '17



UNDER the leafy boughs of Nottingham Forest, dug out of the foot of a cliff, was a hermit's cave. It was noted throughout that region, and travelers often came to see the roomy sanctuary or to beg shelter for the night. Hence the old hermit was not surprised when, late one afternoon, he beheld a knight approaching through the forest. As the stranger rode up to the entrance, the expected request for shelter was courteously granted, and the hermit escorted him into the cool interior of his cave. A little later they sat at meat together, exchanging news and opinions, each enjoying the learned conversation of the other. While they talked the knight told the hermit of his present quest.

About two months before, the beautiful little daughter of the Lord of Northumbria had lain ill, and none had been able to help her. She slowly wasted away, till the family gave up all hope of her life. Then there came to the castle an alchemist, who declared that he had studied in foreign parts, and knew a wondrous potion by which he could surely cure the child. Having gained the favor of the desperate father, the stranger gave the child this mystic potion, but instead of reviving her, it killed her immediately. The lord searched wildly for the strange alchemist, who had quickly disappeared, and, finding no trace of him, made an appeal to the king, who had now sent his knights far and wide to search for the murderer. Whoever should find him was to deliver him at the court for trial. "And so, good hermit," concluded the knight, "mayhap thou canst aid me. Many and varied, I know, are the people who come hither to thy sanctuary. Perchance thou hast seen one who may be this wretched villain."

"Would that I had, Sir Knight, for right well would it please me to help thee in thy quest. But no such one have I seen."

Here the hermit rose to fasten the outer door, for a summer storm had sprung up, the wind howling through the trees and the rain pouring in torrents. Having seen that the knight's charger was safe within, the hermit returned to the inner room and resumed the conversation. As the evening wore on, they heard a call from without:

"Good hermit, with Christ's compassion, grant a weary wanderer shelter from this deluge."

The hermit opened the door, and welcomed a tall man with the quiet, refined air of a savant. As he entered, the stranger drew a hare from under his drenched mantle and held it to the fire to dry. He said that he was a minstrel, and that he had wandered that morning from Lincoln, drawing inspiration from the silent, stately forests for a song of rejoicing over the king's recent return from Palestine. As the minstrel stood before the wide fireplace, the bright light shining upon him showed him to be thin and tired, and his clothes worn and faded. However, his face had an expression of strength and culture which attracted both the hermit and his other guest. Before they lay down for the night, the minstrel played a soft, soothing melody which brought peace to their spirits, although the tempest raged on outside.

The next day dawned bright and beautiful, but the ground was still too wet for traveling afoot. Hence, after prayers, the knight set out alone, the minstrel remaining behind till the earth should be more dry. At midday he, too, went forth, following the road until he reached a side path leading down to a little brook. He had just turned into this path when he saw before him a richly caparisoned charger, riderless. Immediately he sprang noiselessly into some bushes, and took a swift glance around him. Seeing nothing amiss, he turned his attention again to the steed, and recognizing it at once, he was wondering where the rider was, when he heard a groan. Cautiously approaching, he

beheld the knight stretched on the ground. Stepping quickly forward, he leaned over him and spoke:

"Sir Knight, I fear me thou art wounded, through some dire mishap."

There was a faint answer, spoken as if in great pain:

"Aye, kind minstrel; my good horse slipped upon the rocks, and I, all unsuspecting, fell heavily to earth. I fear that I am wounded unto death."

While he thus spoke, the minstrel was removing parts of his heavy armor, and now began unlacing his corselet of steel. The knight groaned at the movement.

"Hold, I pray thee," he entreated, "and let me die in peace."

The minstrel had now opened the corselet, however, and he examined the wounded chest lightly and carefully.

"Fret not thyself, Sir Knight," he said. "Thy wound, though grievous, can yet be healed. I go now for the good hermit, and soon we will return and care for thee." Then, strong and swift, he sped up the road.

After long, torturing minutes, the knight heard footsteps, and his two friends appeared beside him. Carefully they lifted him upon a rustic litter, the stranger directing the hermit quietly and skillfully. In spite of their gentleness, however, the knight lost consciousness. The hermit would have hastened to the brook to get cool water to dash on the knight's face, but the minstrel almost roughly called him back.

"Let him be, sir. It is better that he know not his pain until at rest in the cave."

The old man obeyed, and said nothing, but the penetrating look that he cast toward his companion suddenly brightened with a ray of comprehension.

They laid the knight in a quiet room of the hermitage, and the competent stranger went to work to make the wounded man comfortable. After seeing him do all that was possible for the sufferer, the hermit called the stranger aside, and frankly asked: "Art thou not he whom they call the alchemist of Northumbria?"

A shadow of pain crossed the man's face, but he answered simply: "I am he." Then impetuously he added, "By the blood of Christ, sir, the elixir I gave the child would have saved her, but she was far too weak. In truth, she was even then under the shadow of death!"

The hermit gave himself for a moment to silent prayer, and then, after a few more earnest words from the other, and another look at his drawn face, he said kindly:

"Do what thou canst for this poor knight; here thou shalt be safe."

Week after week the three lived in secret together. Visitors came and went, but none ever knew of the knight or the ever-watchful friend who attended him. At first the wounded man raved in a feverish delirium, but the crisis passed, and he began to grow better.

Finally, in the early fall, with all the fever gone, and bruises healed, the knight set out for the royal palace, to give an account to the king of his long absence. At court he told how the alchemist had found him, not he the alchemist; of how this man had rescued him, and by faithful nursing had saved his life; and of how skillful a healer he was. Then, for joy at the knight's recovery, the king accepted his explanation of the Northumbrian case, and believed all that he told of the noble alchemist.

Not many days after, the knight again rode through the forests to the hermitage, and this time his coming was eagerly expected. As he joyfully dismounted at the hermit's cave he grasped the hand of his friend the alchemist, and proudly laid therein an official parchment, bearing the king's full pardon, and stamped at the bottom with the royal seal.

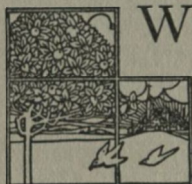
ONLY THREE

ADELLE DENNIS, '17

*There is a little girl that lives
Across the street from me.
Of course I know she's five years old
And I am only three.
But all the same I love her lots,
Heap more than Sam Adair,
'Cause yesterday at Sunday School
I offered her my chair.
But Sam, the lazy rascal,—
He's crazy, that's a cinch—
He just sat there and looked at her
And didn't budge an inch.
Some day I'm going to marry her,
Now you just wait and see,
'Cause I'm gonna beat old Sam Adair
If I am only three.*

"THE AGE OF INNOCENCE"

SARAH MERRITT, '17



WEDNESDAY, September the fifteenth! For Betty, a little brown-eyed girl at the advanced age of six, this day would mark a wonderful metamorphosis, for she would then start to the Big School where Margaret and Anne had gone last year. For weeks she had been counting the days until this time when a reader, a lunch box, and teacher would change her wilderness of babyhood into the paradise of a big school-girl. Betty always had abhorred being called a baby, and now that she was going to school no one could deny the fact that she was a "big girl."

At last the longed-for morning came and Betty was escorted by her mother to the Big School where she was initiated into its mysteries. Many other days full of new experiences went by and Betty became familiar with the ways of the school-world.

For one whole month this paradise was quite sufficient to satisfy all of Betty's needs. One day, however, she came home with the corners of her pretty little mouth drooping despondently and her eyes full of restrained tears. She was unusually quiet, omitting to tell the events of the day and scarcely being able to eat her dinner. After the meal her mother took her on her lap.

"What's the matter, dear? Tell mother."

This was all that was necessary; the floods descended and great, pitiful sobs shook the small body.

With much coaxing and soothing Betty's mother finally made out between sobs what the trouble was.

"Mother—am I—a ba—baby?"

"No, dear, you are mother's big girl now."

"Well, though—Miss Ware—says—I'm tiny—and calls me—'baby girl!' "

Here the sobs broke out afresh and more tears rolled down her cheeks.

"But just think; you can count way up to twenty, can't you?" said her mother, after quieting this new storm of grief.

"Why mother, it's up to fifty I can count!"

"That is so; let's show daddy to-night how far you can count, and he'll be so surprised."

The dark clouds were all dispelled when that night after several suggestions made by her father, Betty triumphantly ended at fifty and he showed the requisite amount of surprise and pride.

By degrees Betty delved into the mysteries of her First Reader, and after a week of practice she learned to read to mother and daddy about the kitty and baby pictured in her book. Her parents were then truly surprised at the progress she had made. One day as Betty looked at the pictures in her mother's new magazine, she stopped at a certain page and began to read as she had read in her lesson.

"See the baby. The baby sees me."

"Bring the book here, Betty, and let mother see it," said her mother.

She showed her the book, and her mother recognized the picture which was also reproduced in Betty's reader.

"See, mother, just like it is in my book," and she began again, tracing out the big type with her finger. Her mother followed the finger and read:

"This picture, 'The Age of Innocence,' by Reynolds, may be had on request."

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We take pleasure in stating that this issue of THE WESLEYAN is entirely the product of the Junior Class, and owes its success to the faithful work of the new staff and the co-operation of their classmates. We appreciate the earnestness and enthusiasm which they have shown, and from their admirable beginning we prophesy a good year for THE WESLEYAN of 1917. The editorial staff for next year follows:

Editor-in-Chief, Jean Oliphant.
 Associate Editor, Sallie Conley.
 Business Manager, Carolyn Cater.
 Assistant Business Manager, Vail Jones.
 Literary Editors, Martha Andrew, Leila Legg.
 Y. W. C. A. Editor, Helen Stubbs.
 Exchange Editor, Miriam Rogers.
 Alumnae Editor, Ethel Butner.
 Local Editor, Sarah Wesley.
 Junior Editor, Margaret Atkinson.

"PREPAREDNESS"

This seems to be the watchword or stock-phrase in editorial circles just now. It is a good word, and it applies to almost any subject, from big guns and submarines to Y. M. C. A. plans and "Better Babies." We hereby fall in line and advise you to prepare for the rainy day, when next year the literary editor shall knock at your door and call on you for an account! Pray have it ready, or there will be "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth" on our part!

Every one of you expects to have a "perfectly gorgeous" time this summer. We are sure that it will be one worth writing about. The student body will be scattered over many States. You will be constantly meeting new experiences. Most of you have vivid imaginations; some, spontaneity of thought; and a few, real literary talent. Utilize these forces and they will mean much to you and to THE WESLEYAN.

There are several reasons why you should "prepare" during the summer. The inspirations will be numerous and you should "strike while the iron is hot." You will thus avoid much of the rush and worry of preparing an article during school time. A concerted effort on your part will bring about that which THE WESLEYAN most needs, a number and variety of articles to select from. Your effort and interest will increase our courage and faith. Then, too, if you have been thinking of THE WESLEYAN during the summer, the business managers will give you a most cordial welcome in the fall!

When the literary editors approach you next year, do not be prepared with an "I can't," but have ready a delightful poem, a thrilling story, or an entertaining and instructive essay. A campaign will be waged which will include everybody, from the "greenest" and most unsophisticated Freshman to the tallest and most dignified Senior. The slogan will be changed from "Every Wesleyan girl, a subscriber," to "Every Wesleyan girl, a contributor." Be prepared!

TO THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE WESLEYAN

Having been appointed one of the twelve managers of THE WESLEYAN for the scholastic year 1916-17, we now publish, first, the number of stockholders; second, the value of shares; and third, our plans for the investment of the money and thought of the stockholders, which we think will declare them greatest dividends.

First, the number of stockholders in THE WESLEYAN is the number of matriculates of Wesleyan College. Whether you had so thought of it or not, it is a fact that, when you subscribe your name as a matriculate of the college, you take more or less stock in all the enterprises of the college. No enterprise has declared greater dividends to its stockholders, the public, than has the press since its liberation by Milton; therefore, hold as many shares in your college paper as you are able to hold, for their return to you is worth while.

Second, the value of a share is a high standard for a girl's own improvement, a girl's service to the college-body, and a girl's ambition for the reputation of Wesleyan among other colleges. The total value of shares in THE WESLEYAN is not disseminated among the student body so as to produce the greatest strength of support possible. Some girls have many shares, some, a few, and some unite with several friends in owning one share. If there were a better division of shares, there would be a more successful college magazine. Conceive of a perfect diffusion of shares and you conceive of a perfect magazine.

Third, our plans for the investment of your money and of your thought, namely, nine issues of our college paper, which in quantity and in quality of content shall equal, and may we hope, surpass, the magazine of any of the colleges with which Wesleyan takes rank; in each issue every phase

of the college work represented, from the ball teams to the arts.

Now, of course, the real value of these plans of investment depends upon your furnishing capital in money and thought. Therefore, begin at once to make your savings ample enough to pay for many shares in THE WESLEYAN another year.



D. W. C. A. Department

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*"Not by Might, Nor by Power, But by My Spirit, Saith
the Lord of Hosts."*

THE SPIRIT OF WORSHIP AT A SUMMER CONFERENCE

(From the Association Monthly, October, 1915)

AGATHA E. BOYD.

There is a place in Western North Carolina where the mountains curve their arms into a crescent and hold up to a blue sky the green, sun-filled cup of a valley. To the middle of the crescent the hills rise tall and strong, lifting giant shoulders and fir-crowned heights. Across the valley stretches range after range of mountains—craggy with its lumpy top, the sharper peak of Black Mountain, stately Greybeard, very far away the long ridge and elephantine huddled shape of Mt. Mitchell, and then in serried ranks lesser pinnacles and ridges stretching beyond the farthest reach of the eye; mountains that are blue and stirred by

floating shadows in the day time; mountains that grow purple at evening; mountains that often draw around themselves a haze which pales their color to a mysterious, almost transparent dimness and multiplies their ranks. Sometimes they are slumbering giants, wrapped in the purple folds of ancient royalty; sometimes, particularly at sunset, they are ramparts and towers of an unknown, utterly desirable fairyland; sometimes they are altars, huge and solemn to a mystic faith; most often they are priests, old as the world, yet young as youth itself, who can, as no others ever could, lay cool hands on the head of youth and leave a benediction there.

In this valley dwells a certain spirit who has made priests out of all the mountains roundabout. Of course in the deep woods there are many other spirits; the spirit of flickering leaves; the spirit of hush, the spirit of little sounds, the spirit of tall trees; but in this particular spot there is one spirit who rules all. She is rather a quiet spirit, for she knows the long silences of the forest, but she is happy, too, for she knows the wind and the sunlight, and she is a servant of the King who loved the red of the sunset and the quiet of the mountains. Each year in May the spirit begins preparing her home for the guests who come to it in June. She brings out the leaves on the trees and deepens the blue of the sky, and sets the brooks running down the ravine with a sound like the dying away of a recessional in a cathedral, and all through the forests she lights the tapers of the laurel and the clear flames of the rhododendron. By the first of June all is in readiness for the guests, who are students from many colleges; and they come in unconscious response to the bidding of this spirit of the mountains and the valley. Some of them are grinds who can tell you all about the conjugation of a Greek verb, but they have never seen the rhododendron bloom. Some of them are so tired that they want to sleep all the time, and for these the little brooks have a lulling sound. Some of them come merely from curiosity, and these the mountains force to think higher. Most of them are just girls, a little worn with a year's work, a little excited at coming to a new place, a little scared, perhaps, because they

have heard that new place called "religious," but none of them knowing anything at all about the spirit who owns this mountain place.

The girls do many things during their stay on the mountain side, and through all that they do the spirit of the place subtly but surely makes herself felt. They play in the great clear swimming pool made by damming up one of the mountain streams, where they can splash and dive and catch the very humor of the gay little brook itself; they play on the tennis courts and the basket-ball field, where college measures its strength against college and there is joy in the measuring; in long mountain tramps, with their demand for endurance and courage, where the view at the top is the reward for much panting; but in all this play there is a new feeling, a lack of intense rivalry, a stronger consideration for the other fellow, and a keener joy. They learn, too, for there are lectures from men both great and wise; and there are classes in which studying is a joy, even though it comes so close upon the heels of college finals, for there is a consecration, a sense of one high aim, which makes teachers and students alike but helpers of each other toward a clear yet distant goal. They learn most of all, perhaps, through companionship in play and work with older women who are ready to give freely of all that they have felt and thought and done in the service of the King. At sunset the girls daily gather to sing the hymns they know and love, and a sense of quietness comes over them as they look out over the valley to the steadfast mountains touched with the sunset light—a feeling that indeed

*"The Lord is in his holy temple;
Let all the earth keep silence before him."*

Throughout the day, with its varied activities, there is plenty of time for quiet thought, for hours all by one's self when the mind is free to act upon the new things it has learned, and the soul can arouse itself to the beauty of the place. So many new thoughts are heard, so many new ambitions are stirred—for the call of need from the whole

world rings here like the "Boots and Saddle" of a bugle—so much beauty crowds in at once upon the physical and the spiritual eyes, that for the first few days there is a feeling of confusion, an embarrassment of riches. But a few times of quiet thinking, when the peace and steadfastness of the mountains steal in upon one, are enough to resolve this confusion into a single clear impression and a pure purpose. The sojourners by the mountain come to realize that their work and play and comradeship and thought, that woods, hills and valley are prayers and praises in the service of the King; that the world is his temple, and that the life more abundant is the life of consecration to high purposes. They at least touch the edges of the knowledge that reverence is not a thing for Sundays and wonderful cathedrals, but an act of every day and every hour, the simple lifting up of the heart to God in gratitude for beauty in nature and joy in service, an act spontaneous and wholesome, normal and full of cheer. They come to understand the two essentials in reverence, insight for the divine in everything and loyalty to that insight. And as they go away they carry with them a deep and real reverence for the Master; they have learned to know the spirit who dwells at Blue Ridge, and she is the spirit of worship.



ALUMNAE NOTES

ETHEL BUTNER, '17.

Eleanor Atkinson, '15, of Douglasville, Ga., who is teaching in Manchester, Ga., was the guest of Lida Franklin.

* * * * *

Harriet Robeson had as her guests for a few days her mother, Mrs. Robeson, and sister, Mary Robeson, '14, of Marietta, Ga.

* * * * *

Floye Powell, '14, who is teaching in the High School in Fitzgerald, Ga., spent a few days in the college last month.

* * * * *

Irene Gamble, '15, of Macon, who is teaching at Cobbham, was at home with her parents for a few days last month.

* * * * *

One of the most interesting events of this season was the marriage of Miss Vera Tart, of Savannah, Ga., to Mr. Erbie Marsh, on February 29, Dr. C. R. Jenkins officiating.

* * * * *

Cards have been received at the college announcing the marriage of Miss Annie Dickey, '13, of Oxford, Ga., to Rev. Henry Hart Jones, on Wednesday evening, March 29, at Allen Memorial Church, Oxford, Ga.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

MIRIAM ROGERS, '17.

There is abroad in the world a wrong conception of the function of criticism; a conception which nevertheless appeals strongly to our inborn ego. The ambiguity of the verb *to criticize* in our language is responsible for this misconception. We speak of a certain person as being "critical," having in mind all the time adverse criticism from a personal viewpoint.

Although this is not true criticism, we have to confess that it has always appealed strongly to us; so much of the inborn ego there is in us. All of our lives we have longed to be this kind of a critic. There were so many things going wrong in this old world which we felt sure we could alter if only our criticisms would be universally accepted and practised. From afar we have looked, and it seemed so easy to pick out the flaws and suggest the changes necessary.

This childish passion has weakened with the years, and now that we are grown and a full-fledged critic for the first time it has entirely disappeared. Our work next year shall have nothing of the personal element in it, but shall be "a disinterested endeavor to learn and to propagate the best that is known and thought" by the thinking students of our great colleges. Our chief motive is that of curiosity, "a desire to see things as they really are."

Not with the purport of a pedant do we give this warning to our future exchanges. We shall give no consideration whatever to the wholly bad; the true critic never does this. If any article is poorly constructed and contains no thought, there is nothing about it to criticize. There is nothing in it "to know," and since there is nothing to know, there is noth-

ing that can be propagated. We can only hold up our hands and cry "don't!" and "dонт's" are not criticism.

The word "don't" is not in the dictionary, neither is it in the vocabulary of criticism. We do not say to the writers, "Don't do this or that." The thinking writer, and we shall consider no other, has already *done* and the critic's function is to criticize, not to tear up or to destroy. We are not like the teacher's pet in the country school whose duty it was to report upon the morals of the other children. On one occasion he was sent by his teacher to a fellow pupil with this instruction, "Go see what Johnny is doing and tell him to stop it." A word to the wise is sufficient; we have boycotted the word *don't*.

THE WESLEYAN of 1916-17 will welcome all honest, disinterested criticism at the hands of our exchanges. It is our desire to see ourselves from an impersonal viewpoint, which only an outsider can give. We earnestly desire to make a great WESLEYAN better and better each month; a WESLEYAN that contains something worth knowing and worth propagating. We invite the aid of other colleges in securing this improvement. Critize us frankly, honestly, disinterestedly. We know what the word *don't* means, and if any exchange can scream it at us justly, we shall even be so broad-minded as to adopt the policy of exclusion suggested.

* * * * *

The Emory Phoenix prefaces its February number with an aphorism of strong ethical dignity. "Have Courage" has in it that that will appeal to a thinking college student. The writer is opposed to the mob spirit, crying out for a strong individuality asserting its convictions and daring to live by them. It is the old problem of the one among the many, the individual in the group.

The war has provoked many discussions and much writing of various kinds. A writer in the *Emory Phoenix* has felt the popular literary influence and has chosen a topic

suggested by the horrors of battle. "A Soldier's Prayer" reveals the reflections of a simple private,

* * * *"the common clay that fight and die."*

He cries to the great Prince of Peace to deliver him from

"This hell on earth that lusting men have wrought."

There is a spirit of hatred towards men in power who

* * * *"sit in pomp upon their gilded thrones."*

It is they who are responsible for all this. All sides of the war are pictured in all their hideousness. "The Soldier's Prayer" has in it a force not often found in amateur poetry. The writer has seen "deep and whole" and his conception is as broad as life.

* * * * *

The North Carolina *State Normal Magazine* is on the whole one of the finest periodicals that have come to our desk. All of the material is on weighty subjects that are well treated. "Spenser—The Poet's Poet," is an excellent criticism. The phraseology is characteristic. This sentence is worth quoting, "Into fields made barren and dusty with systematic pedantry he poured a warm and invigorating rain of romance." The writer has shown a broad knowledge of English poets in her use of lines as touchstones. What could be more expressive of Milton than "the God-gifted organ voice of England"?

* * * * *

We acknowledge with appreciation the following: *The Wofford College Journal*; *Maryland Collegian*; *The Newcomb Arcade*; *The Yellow Jacket*; *Saint Mary's Muse*; *The Ivy*; *Brenau Journal*; *The Era*; *The Searchlight*; *The Erothesian*; *The Shorter Chimes*; *Mississippi College Magazine*; *The Message from the Heights*.

LOCALS

SARAH WESLEY, '17.

A sentence taken from a written test last week in Social Psychology:

"Social Psychology treats of psychic *currants*."

Teacher's comment on same:

"This is not a test in Domestic Science."

* * * * *

Miss R——: "Young ladies, in looking over your outline of the 'Emile,' I notice that several spell 'husband' with a capital letter."

(Chorus from Class): "Profound respect and deep sentiment on their part!"

* * * * *

H. M. (reporting on parallel in history class): "I thought of you when I read that, Mr. D."

Mr. D.: "I wish you would read it again, Miss M."

* * * * *

Wifey: "Get up and rock the baby."

Hubby: "I would if I had a rock."

* * * * *

One of the most enjoyable numbers in the Artists' Recital Course was presented by the Fuller Sisters. The interesting and beautiful songs sung by the musical voices of these quaintly dressed little ladies immediately captivated the audience. The entertainment was educational as well as unique and enjoyable.

In the play, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," the Thespian Dramatic Club achieved a great success. The first presentation was greeted by a large audience. A repetition was made, after many requests, which delighted many more grown-ups and children. A large sum was realized which is to be used for the benefit of the Y. W. C. A. Hall and for the Expression Department of the college.

* * * * *

One of the most enjoyed recitals of the year was the song recital of February the twenty-fourth, given by Miss Elson and Mr. Billin.

* * * * *

Mr. Booth Lowry delighted a large audience with his humorous lecture, "Simon Says Wigwag," February the twenty-fifth. After the lecture, by request he read some of his Crazy Poems, Negro Fables, and other selections, all of which were immensely enjoyed.

* * * * *

After the strenuous week of exams, the Faculty rewarded the students with a most delightful Kid Party. The girls dressed as little girls and boys, attended by others attired as nurses, became children once more and indulged in "Drop the Handkerchief," "Going to Jerusalem," and other children's games. After the games, refreshments were served in the dining room, the crowning feature being the candy-pulling.

* * * * *

The Wesleyan Seniors have been most delightfully entertained by the Mercer Seniors. On St. Valentine's Day, the Wesleyan Juniors were also entertained at a most enjoyable party given by the Mercer Juniors. If all the Leap Year proposals which were accepted on that evening are any proof, the Juniors are in a fair way of embarking on the blissful (?) sea of matrimony.

* * * * *

The Annual—and—Wesleyan Fair in the Gymnasium was the scene of much fun and merry-making. Midway was

thronged with girls and teachers going to shows or purchasing peanuts and candy. The vaudeville, including a mock faculty meeting, "The Deestricht Schule," and *musical* numbers, was very entertaining.

* * * * *

The Fiftieth Anniversary of the Y. W. C. A. has been celebrated by a Jubilee during the entire month of February. Services of especial interest and value were held by some of the best Christian workers of Macon. Miss Willie Young, Y. W. C. A. Secretary of the South Atlantic Field, was present several days helping to adjust plans for the next year's work.

* * * * *

The members of the Y. W. C. A. entertained the Cabinet at a surprise party, February the nineteenth.

* * * * *

Edward Baxter Perry, the celebrated musician and interpreter of music, gave a most delightful and instructive program, February the eighteenth.

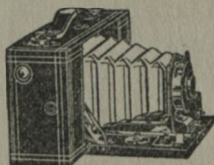
* * * * *

The Thespian Dramatic Club presented some beautiful and picturesque scenes from "Romeo and Juliet" on the campus. The lengthening shadows, the rising moon, and in fact all nature enhanced the romantic effect of the lovely scenes.

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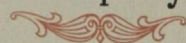
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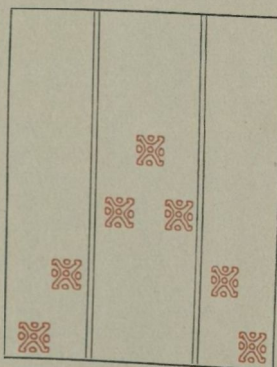


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